

Kings Of Leon, 17

Oh she's only seventeen
Whine whine whine, weep over everything
Bloody Mary breakfast busting up the street
Brothers fighting, when's the baby gonna sleep
Heaving ship too sails away
Said it's a culmination of a story and a goodbye session
It's a tick of our time and the tic in her head that made me feel so strange
So I could call you baby, I could call you, dammit, it's a one in a million
Oh it's the rolling of your Spanish tongue that made me wanna stay

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